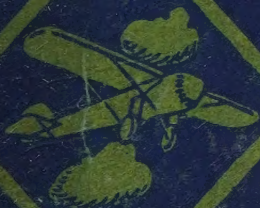


I GO A-TRAVELING

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ARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

I GO A-TRAVELING



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I GO A-TRAVELING

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I GO A-TRAVELING



TRAVELING

I go a-traveling,
Traveling, traveling, traveling.
In taxi, in train
I'm off once again.
Oh, I love to go
Traveling, traveling.

Where shall I go a-traveling,
Traveling, traveling, traveling?
On the sea, in the air,
On the land—I don't care,
For I love to go
Traveling, traveling.

GEOGRAPHY

CALIFORNIA,
Florida,
Canada,
Alaska,

Carolina,
Iowa,
Cuba,
And Nebraska

Are places in Geography
Which I think I'd like to see.

Automobile,
Taxicab,
Street car,
Airplane,

Ocean liner,
Ferry-boat,
Motor bus,
And train

Are ways by which I plan to go
Hither, thither, to and fro.



THERE AND BACK

“COME and spend the day with me,”
Is what grandmother wrote.
Oh, but I went singing
And dancing with her note.



When mother gave directions
She was careful to explain
Just how to reach the ferry-boat
And when to quit the train.

She really didn't need to,
For twenty times, I'd say,
I have gone to grandmother's,
Alone, to spend the day.





TRAFFIC SOUNDS

TAXIS are honking,
Great trucks are bumping,
Autos are wheezing,
Street cars are thumping,

Whistles are screaming,
Airplanes are zooming,
Wheel brakes are screeching,
Fast trains are booming.

Sounds of the traffic
Come rushing and pouring
Loud as the winds
When a great storm is roaring.

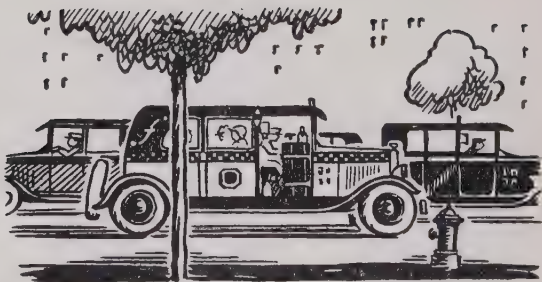


MY TAXICAB

ONE day I made a taxicab
Out of a block of wood.
I gave it wheels and steering gear
And the best top that I could.

My taxicab ran down the hall.
It stopped at every door.
It made me piles of money
Which I spread upon the floor.

It carried passengers all day
Till father came at night,
And then I put it safely
In the cupboard out of sight.



TAXICABS

TAXICABS of yellow,
Taxicabs of red.
See that funny fellow
With scarlet on his head.

Taxicabs of black and white,
Taxicabs of green.



Blue ones left and brown ones right
With orange ones between.

Colors of the rainbow,
Birds of every feather,
Shining as they stop or go,
Flocking all together.

HURRYING

HURRY, hurry! Hurry, hurry!
Taxi's heart is beating.
Hurry, hurry! Hurry, hurry!
Nothing else repeating.

Through the park, around a corner
Taxicab goes chasing;
Down the street and to the station
Taxi's heart still racing.

Hurry, hurry! Hurry, hurry!
Never fear disaster.
Hurry, hurry! Hurry, hurry!
Beat a little faster.

NEW AUTOMOBILES

WHEN long rivulets of rain
Wiggle down the window pane
I see automobiles meet
Their reflections in the street.

When the sun shines brightly down
On the pavements of our town
I see rushing shadows chase
Automobiles in a race.

Automobiles, shining, new,
Gliding down the avenue!
Glistening in rain or sun,
Proud, new automobiles run!



OUR AUTOMOBILE

UP THE hills, down the hills,
Our automobile goes.
All the things I've learned about it
Only father knows.

How to start it; how to stop it;
When the headlight switch is on;
How to read speedometers
To tell the miles we've gone.

Sometimes I help my father steer
As an especial treat
And always, if I may, I ride
With him on the front seat.

THE GREEN BUS

WAIT a minute,
Green bus!
Slow down!
Stop!

I will climb
Your winding stair
And ride
On top.

Along
The busy river,
Down
The avenue,

Any day
I like to take
A trip
With you.



TRUCKS

Big trucks for steel beams,
Big trucks for coal,
Rumbling down the broad streets,
Heavily they roll.

Little trucks for groceries,
Little trucks for bread,
Turning into every street,
Rushing on ahead.

Big trucks, little trucks,
In never ending lines,
Rumble on and rush ahead
While I read their signs.





THE STREET CAR

THE conductor said, "Step forward!
Make room for those behind.
There's room in front
You'll find."

The street car rattled
And bumped along
Grumbling and rumbling
Its working song.



The motorman watched the corners.
He clanged the noisy bell.
Clang! Clang! Clang!
The warnings fell

As the street car rattled
And thumped along
Growling and groaning
Its working song.

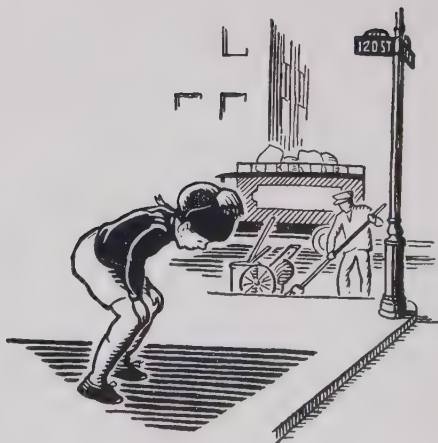


THE ELEVATED TRAIN

GREAT, creaking worm
On a skeleton's back,
Screech when you grind
Your round feet on its track.

Sometimes I watch you
Slip on through the city,
Shaking the shivering bones
Without pity.

Ever more silent,
Far down the street
You lose yourself
Where the tall buildings meet.



UNDERGROUND RUMBLING

AT TIMES when we're walking
Along the street

There comes a shivering
Under our feet

And a hollow, roaring,
Rumbling sound
Seems to come tumbling
Out of the ground.

We've heard it again
And again and again
So of course we know
It's the subway train.

OBSERVATION

I LIKE to stand
In the front end
Of the subway's
Train of cars,
Its swinging, rushing cars.

Then I can watch
The tracks ahead
And see the lights
Like stars,
Like rows of yellow stars.

I like to see
The signal lights
Of winking green
And red—
We stop when the lights are red.

I like to see
The tracks branch off
In a forest
Of posts ahead—
Like bare tree-trunks ahead.

Whenever I ride
On the subway train
The front is the place
I choose,
The first place that I choose.





TRAFFIC JAM

OH, TRAFFIC policeman,
We're all in a tangled jam.
We honk our horn at our neighbors.
And back and start and ram.

Automobiles and street cars
And taxicabs are stuck
All on account of the driver
Of a rickety-rackety truck.

You rush to the corner
And whistle and wave and shout.
So almost as soon as we're in the jam
We're happily getting out.

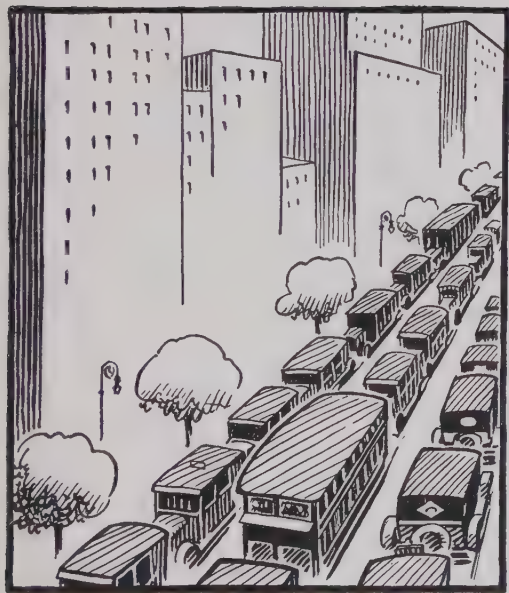
Oh, traffic policeman,
You always know what to do.
You are never like the old woman
Who had her home in a shoe.

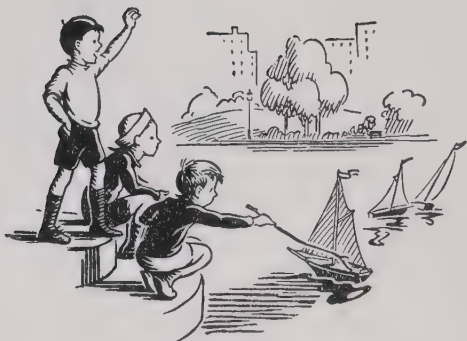
RIVER STREETS

THE streets are long rivers
Crowded with ships
Beginning or ending
Or making their trips.

The bus is a big ship,
The auto a yacht,
The truck is a freighter,
The taxi—guess what.

The sidewalks are shores
Of the rivers which run;
The buildings are mountains—
I play it for fun.





THE BOAT RACE

Ho! In spring
I like to take
My sailboat
To a special lake

And launch it
If there is a gale
To fill each small,
White-canvas sail.

For all about
The wind-blown place
A hundred
Other boats will race.

And ho! At home
They say I'm proud
If my boat
Sometimes leads the crowd.



THE RIVER BRIDGE

OUR river is wide; our river is deep;
The bridge across it is long and high.
The twisted cables, the beams and towers
Make a huge drawing upon the sky.

My father and I when we cross the
bridge

Have a game which we always play.

The one who sees the most kinds of boats
Is "Captain" or "Skipper" the rest of
that day.

My list one day was extremely long
So father made it into a song.

Ferry-boat, steamship,
Freighter, scow,
Tug boat, battleship,
You've got me now.

Cat boat, liner,
Raft, canoe,
Cruiser, yacht,
That's enough for you.

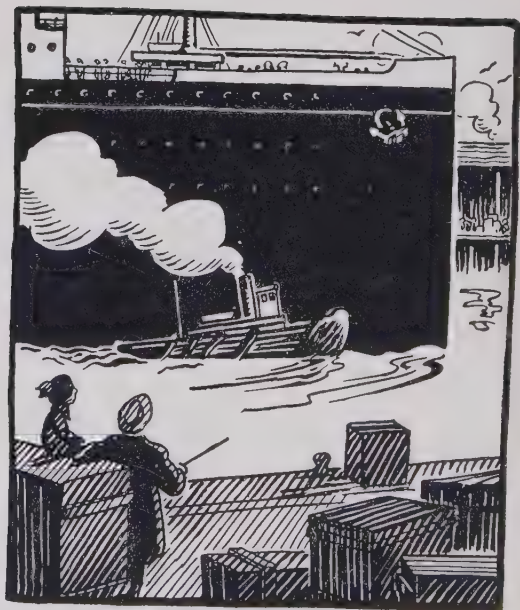


RIVERS

THE rivers were made for boats, I suppose,
But just exactly when, nobody knows.
They carry the waters down to the seas,
Sometimes through forests of tall
branching trees,



Sometimes past mountains, guarding
dry plains;
Long shining rivers, fed by the rains.
Beautiful rivers, roads where boats go
Down toward the warm seas, off toward
the snow.



TUGS

CHUG! Puff! Chug!
Push, little tug.
Push the great ship here
Close to its pier.

Chug! Puff! Chug!
Pull, strong tug.
Drawing all alone
Three boat-loads of stone.

Busy harbor tugs,
Like round water bugs,
Hurry here and there,
Working everywhere.



FERRY-BOATS

OVER the river,
Over the bay,
Ferry-boats travel
Every day.



Most of the people
Crowd to the side
Just to enjoy
Their ferry-boat ride.

Watching the seagulls,
Laughing with friends,
I'm always sorry
When the ride ends.

THREE SHIPS

THREE tall ships came sailing
In a stately line.
Father said their strong masts
Were made of Northern pine.

Each ship had five high masts
With many a canvas sail,
And each ship went exactly
In the front one's foamy trail.

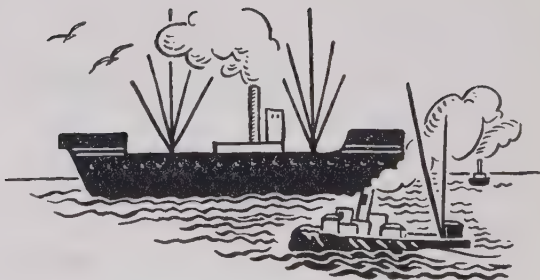
These tall ships reminded me
As they sailed in line
Of pictures of some pirate ships
In a thick book of mine.

OVER THE OCEAN

THE ships that go over the ocean
Tell me wonderful tales
Of pearls and of flying fishes,
Of porpoises and whales.

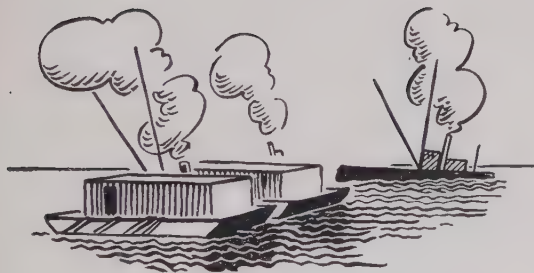
Whenever I take the boat I made
Down to the lake for a sail
I call it an ocean liner
And ask it to tell a tale.





FREIGHT BOATS

Boats that carry sugar
And tobacco from Havana;
Boats that carry cocoanuts
And coffee from Brazil;
Boats that carry cotton
From the city of Savannah;
Boats that carry anything
From any place you will.



Boats like boxes loaded down
With tons of sand and gravel;
Boats with blocks of granite
For a building on the hill;
Boats that measure many thousand
Lonesome miles of travel
As they carry anything
From any place you will.

MY TRAIN

TOOT-toot-toot!
Get out of the way,
Out of the way, out of the way!
We're off! We're off!
Clear the railroad track.
Please, everybody,
Stand back! Stand back!

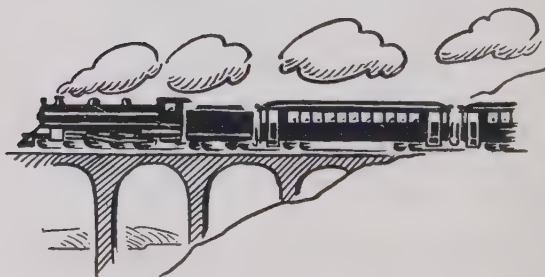
Ding-ding-dong!
This engine I made
Puffs and snorts if it is delayed.
I know its smoke
Is an ostrich plume—
But please, everybody,
Make room! Make room!



TRAINS

OVER the mountains,
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

Carrying passengers,
Carrying mail,
Bringing their precious loads
In without fail.



Thousands of freight cars
All rushing on
Through day and darkness,
Through dusk and dawn.

Over the mountains,
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.



RAILROAD STATIONS

OUT in the country
Where grandmother lives
The railroad station is small.

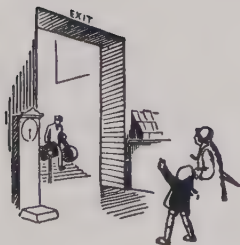
Just a room for the people
And one for the trunks
And a ticket office is all.

Here in the city
Where we have our home
The station is like a town.

There are tunnels and halls
And a thousand rooms
And stairs that go steeply down.

The trains go right
Under the station, too,
With a far off, rumbling roar.

And grandmother holds me
Tight by the hand
Till she comes to the "Exit" door.



ENGINE

I WONDER if the engine
That dashes down the track
Ever has a single thought
Of how it can get back.

With fifty cars behind it
And each car loaded full,
I wonder if it ever thinks
How hard it has to pull.

I guess it trusts the fireman;
It trusts the engineer;
I guess it knows the switchman
Will keep the tracks clear.



WHEELS' SONG

KRING-ER-ING! Kring-er-ing!
Car wheels say.
Kring-er-ing! Kring-er-ing!
We turn all day.

Kring-er-ing! Kring-er-ing!
There's much to see
If you go traveling
Continuously.

MY AIRPLANE

I MADE an airplane.
I held it in my hand;
I carried it above my head.
It sailed across the land.

It sailed across the ocean.
It sailed around the world.
It looped the loop, it volplaned,
It twisted, and it curled.

I cannot say my airplane
Was quiet as a mouse
For it went zizz-zizz-zizzing
All through our house.





PLEASANT DREAMS

I WATCH swallows fly
Or seagulls float by.
More easy than walking it seems.

And often at night
I make a long flight
Drifting away in dreams.

Over the North Pole, over the South;
Over Sahara, desert of drouth;
Over the mountains, over the sea;
Over old cities where Kings sit at tea;
Over the planets, over the Moon;
Over tall fountains, playing at noon;
Over the World's edge, over Time's
 head;
Over the room where I sleep in my bed.

I think when I'm grown
And sufficiently known—
When I am fifteen or twenty—

I'll buy an airship
And take a long trip
To find real adventures in plenty.



THE FIRST ZEPPELIN

OVER the city,
Great ship of grey,
Out of the East you came
One golden day.

Silvered by sunlight,
Nosing along,
Humming contentedly
Your sailing song.

“Someday you’ll travel,”
Grandmother said,
“In a long silver ship
High over head.”



UP IN THE AIR

ZOOMING across the sky,
Like a great bird you fly,
Airplane,
Silvery white
In the light.

Turning and twisting in air,
When shall I ever be there,
Airplane,
Piloting you
Far in the blue?

CHANGE

LONG ago
Grandmother says
When her folks went to town
They used to ride
In a springless wagon—
Jumpy-up and bumpy-down.

In later years
Grandmother says
When they went to visit friends
They used to ride
In a carriage
With steel springs at both ends.

In present times
Grandmother says
If she has a trip to take
She always rides
In an automobile
And never feels a shake.



The End

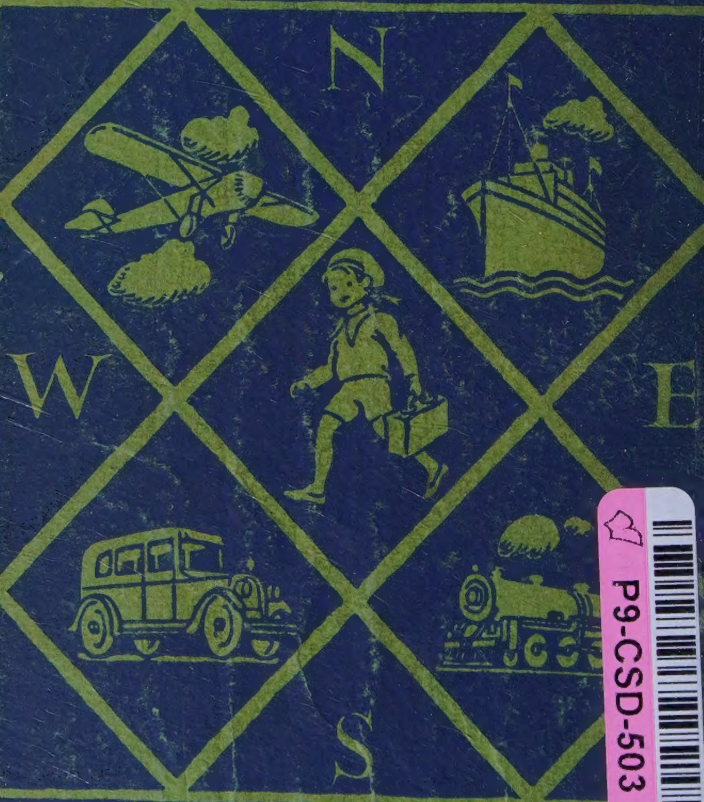




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